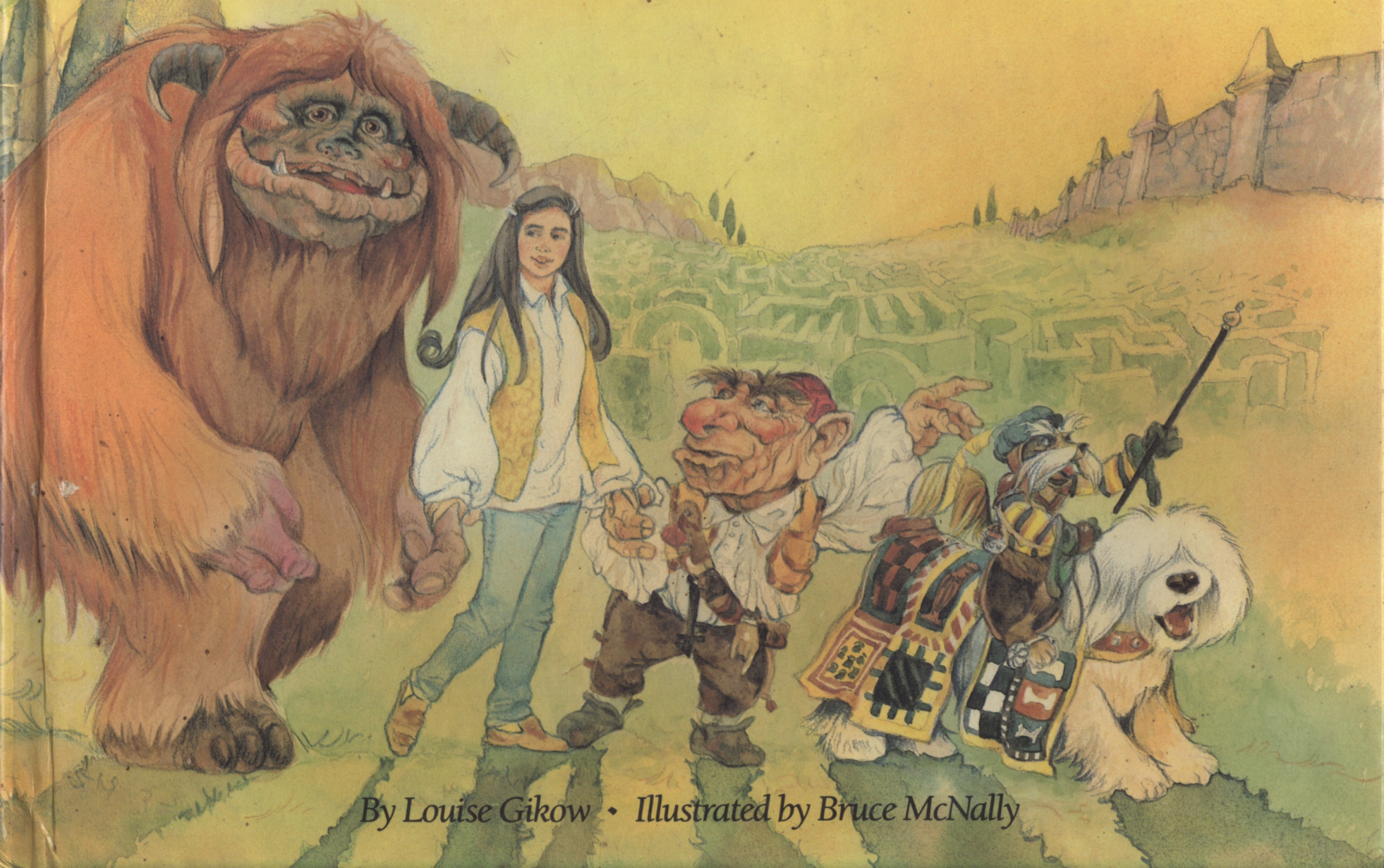


LABYRINTH™

THE STORYBOOK BASED ON THE MOVIE



By Louise Gikow • Illustrated by Bruce McNally



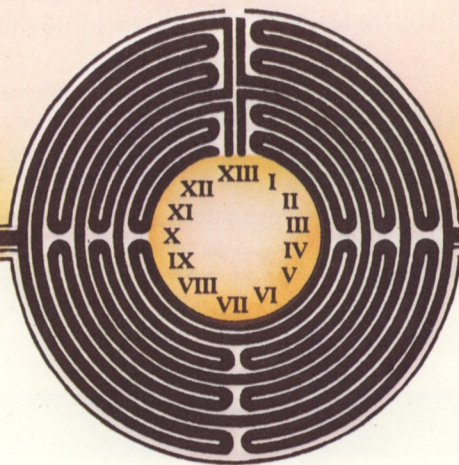




LABYRINTH

By Louise Gikow • Illustrated by Bruce McNally

Henry Holt and Company
New York



*The illustrator
would like to dedicate the art in this book
to Tarda, Chum, and Plum
with love.*

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the goblins would take her little brother leads her
and the boy into the dangerous world of the goblin
king.

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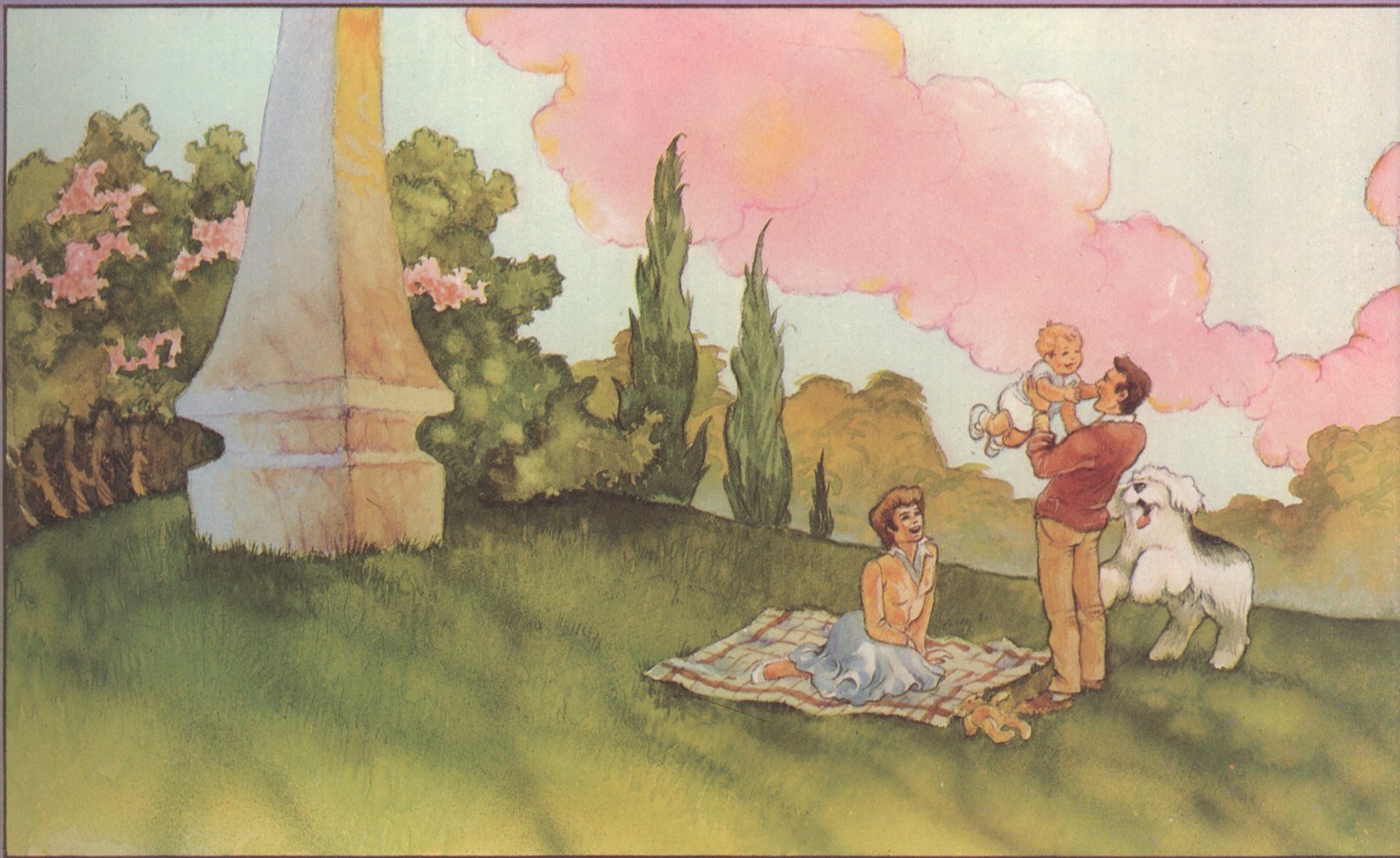
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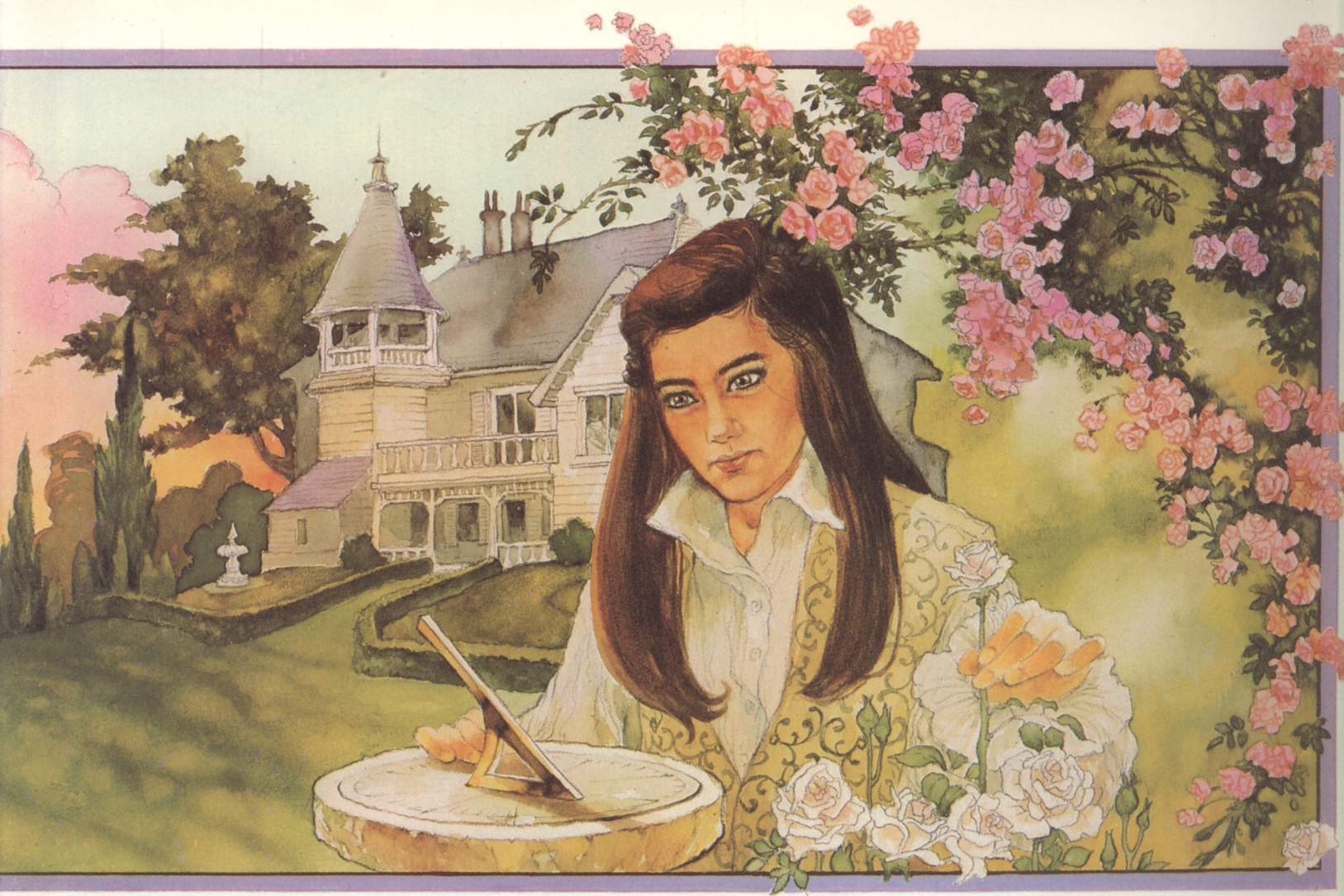
Somewhere on the edge of your imagination, there is a Labyrinth. It twists and turns like wicked thoughts, and no one—no man, woman, or child—has ever reached its center. There, standing within the walls of Goblin Town, is the castle of Jareth, the goblin king.

Goblins are nasty little creatures whose greatest delight is stealing babies and turning them into goblins. But this can only happen if you wish for it. You must say exactly the right words for your wish to come true. "I wish that the goblins would come and take you away right now!" are the right words. When the goblins hear them, they will come. . . .

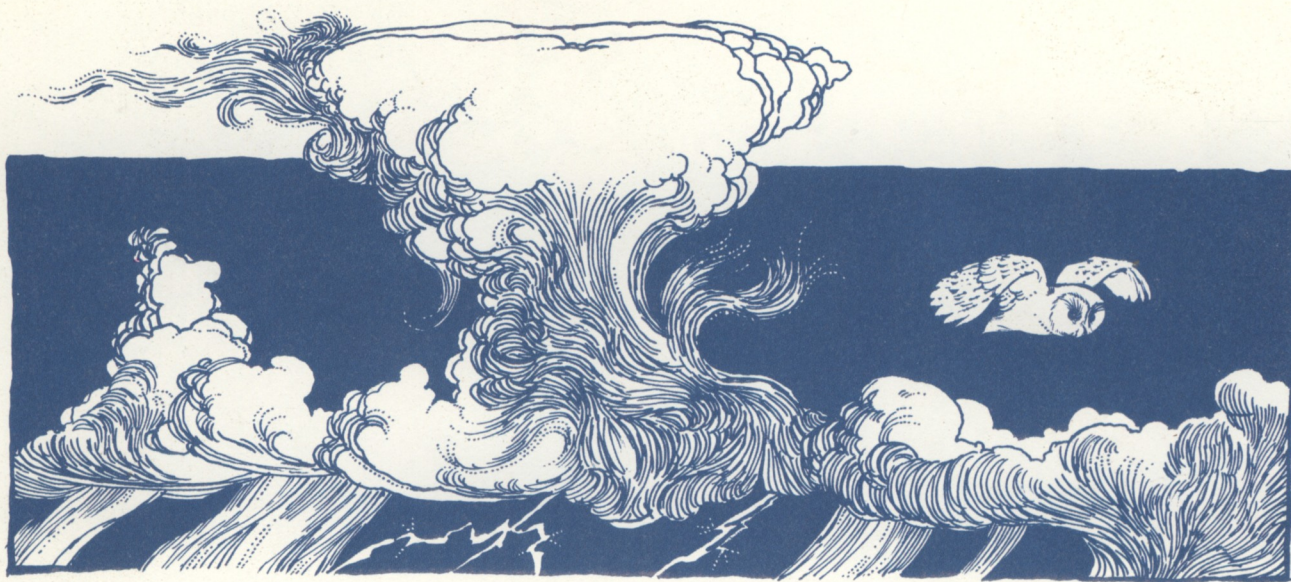


In a little town just outside a big city lived Sarah, her father, her stepmother, her half-brother, Toby, and her dog, Merlin.

Toby was just a year old, but Sarah considered him a terrible nuisance. She was always asked to baby-sit for him just when she had something better to do. He



was allowed to play with all her favorite toys—even her very special bear, Launcelot. Besides, everyone paid lots of attention when he did something silly, like make noises or stand up. *While no one, Sarah thought, pays any attention to me at all.*



One summer's night, Sarah was alone with Toby when a storm swept in from the east. Lightning flashed, and thunder roared. Toby began to cry.

No matter what she did, Sarah couldn't make him stop.

She tried picking him up and bouncing him on her knee. She tried his rattle, his bottle, and his fuzzy yellow chicken. She tried everything she could think of.

But tiny, red-headed, red-faced Toby only cried louder.

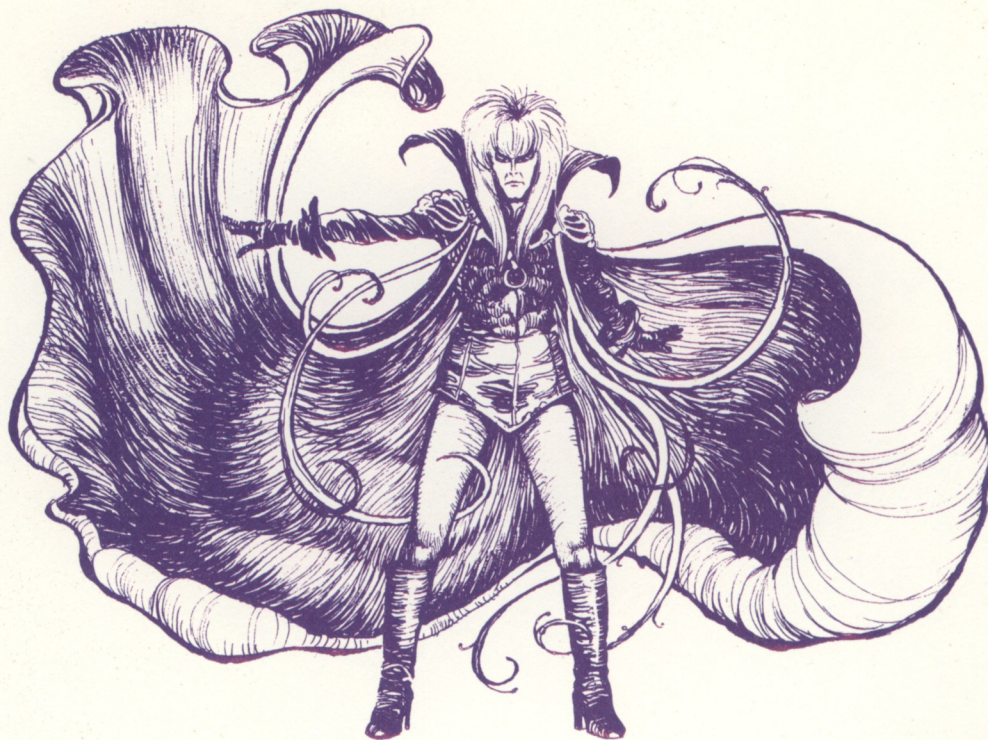
"Oh, be quiet!" Sarah was furious. "Sometimes I really *hate* you." Then she added, stamping her foot, "I wish the goblins would come and take you away right now!"



And they did.







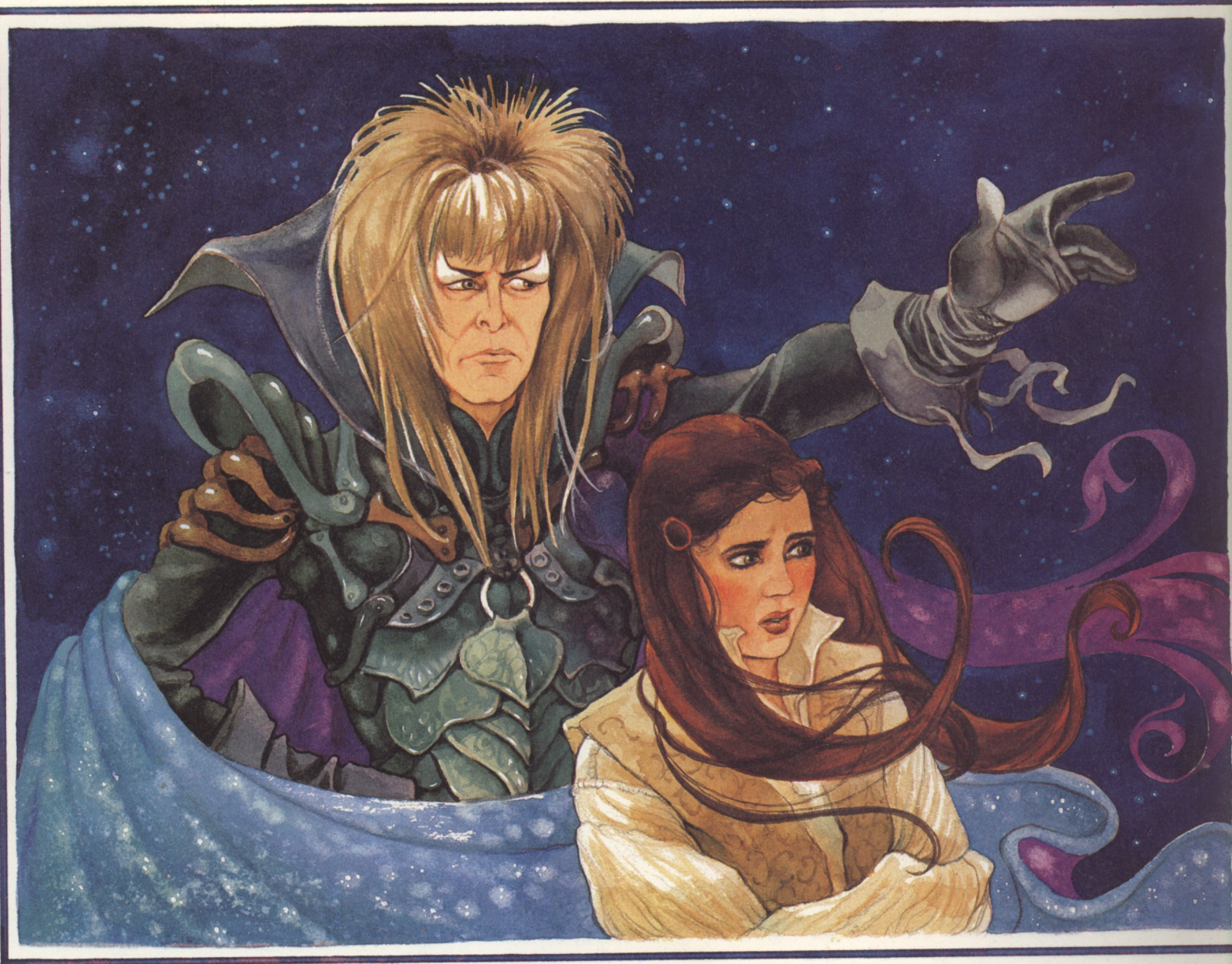
Toby was gone. In his place was Jareth, king of the goblins, tall and stern in his dark cloak, eyes glittering in the gloom.

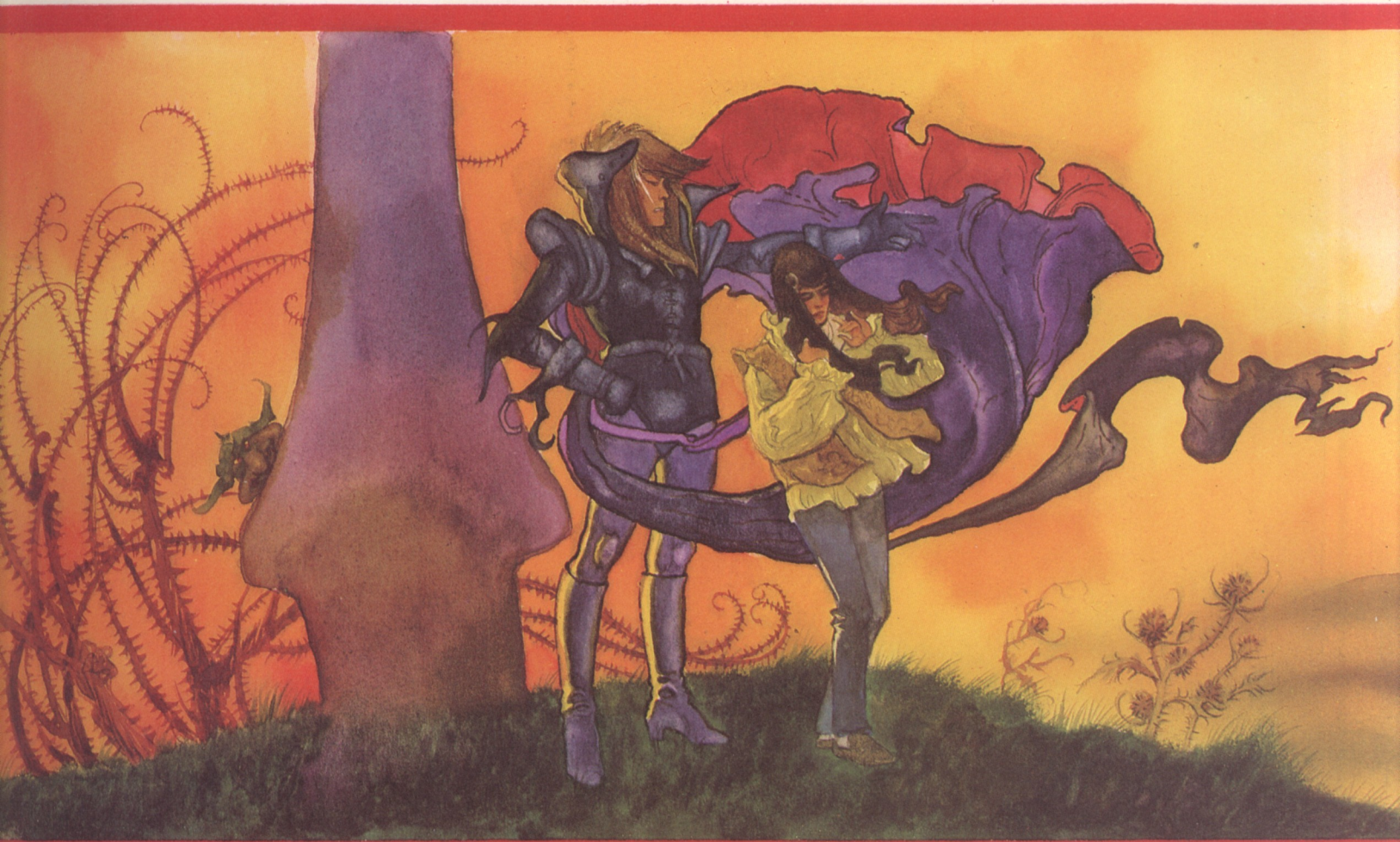
"Who are you?" Sarah whispered, trembling. "And where is my baby brother?"

"Toby is mine," Jareth told her. "He is in my castle, at the center of the Labyrinth."

"But I didn't really mean it!" Sarah gasped.

"You must have," Jareth replied, raising his eyebrows. "You said the words."





“Where is the Labyrinth?” Sarah asked.

Jareth made a grand gesture, waving his arm and swirling his cape. Sarah found herself on a hillside. The sky glowed yellow and orange. In the distance was a castle surrounded by darkness.



Jareth spoke. "In thirteen hours, Toby will be turned into a goblin. Then he will be mine forever." He waved his arm again and was gone.

Fingers of light spread over the hillside as the sun began to rise. Stretched out at Sarah's feet was the Labyrinth.

Sarah walked down the hill toward the huge wall that surrounded the Labyrinth. She hadn't gone very far when she came upon Hoggle, who was gardening outside the Labyrinth walls.

Hoggle was not very nice. That wasn't unusual, because it isn't easy to be nice when you live near the Labyrinth. But Hoggle was not nice to everyone, including Jareth, and that was unusual.

"Excuse me," Sarah said politely. "Can you tell me where the door to the Labyrinth is?"

"Maybe," Hoggle replied, sniffing.

"Well, where is it?"

"Where is what?"

"The *door*," Sarah said. "How do I get into the Labyrinth?"

Hoggle shrugged and pointed. Behind Sarah, a pair of doors had mysteriously appeared. They swung open.

Sarah looked at Hoggle. This was a strange place, and even someone as disagreeable as he would be better company than none. But he wasn't about to join her, so she entered the Labyrinth alone.

As the gates swung shut behind her, Hoggle shook his head and went back to his work.







The corridors of the Labyrinth seemed to go on forever, but Sarah took a deep breath, straightened her shoulders, and started walking. *Sooner or later*, she thought, *I'll have to get somewhere*.

The Labyrinth was determined to prove her wrong. The walls moved closer together. A damp chill settled heavily over her, and small noises sounded loud in the echoing air.

She walked and walked. Then she began to run. The sound of her own breathing was harsh in her ears. The Labyrinth stretched out before her, never-ending.

Finally she stopped, out of breath. She reached out to steady herself, touching the rough surface of the Labyrinth wall.

"Hello," said a cheerful voice near her hand. "Why don't you try walking that way?"

A small worm peered at Sarah from a crack in the wall.

"That way," the worm repeated. "Don't you see?"

Sarah didn't see. As far as she could tell, there was a solid wall in front of her.

"Go on," said the worm. "Things are not what they seem in this place."

And they weren't.



Sarah had learned her first lesson. She would no longer allow the Labyrinth to lead her in a straight line to nowhere. She had found her way through the wall. But two hours had already passed, and there was still a long way to go.

She soon came upon a pair of doors that were guarded by two of the oddest creatures she had ever seen. A riddle unlocked the door that led her onward.

*One of us will tell you true,
One will always lie.
Just one question is your due,
And only one reply.
One right answer gets you through,
Which door will you try?*

The Solution to the Riddle: Sarah was allowed only one question of her two doorkeepers, one of whom always lied, and one of whom always told the truth. The question she finally asked was: "Would he (she pointed at the other doorkeeper) tell me this door leads to the castle?"

If the door she was indicating was the wrong one and she was asking the lying doorkeeper, his answer would be yes—because he would lie. If she was asking the truthful doorkeeper, he too would answer yes, since the other doorkeeper would lie. In either case, the other door would be the correct one.

If the door she was indicating was the right one and she was asking the lying doorkeeper, his answer would be no—because he would lie. If she was asking the truthful doorkeeper, he too would answer no, since the other doorkeeper would lie. In either case, this would be the correct door.









The door Sarah chose was the correct one. In the Labyrinth, however, the correct choice is not always a good one. As she stepped through the door, the floor opened up beneath her feet.

Sarah fell down and down a narrow chute. She barely had time to be frightened before she felt a hand grab her. *Thank heavens!* she thought. Then she looked around and noticed that there were thousands of hands—all growing out of the walls.

Sarah was too frightened to scream.

"Up or down?" the hands asked her. "Up or down?"

"Down," she finally managed to say.

She was passed from one hand to another until they finally lowered her into a small, dark cell. A door clanged shut over her head. There seemed to be no way out.





But Hoggle was there, and there was a way out.

"I knew you were going to get into trouble as soon as I saw you," he said grumpily. "The Labyrinth is too dangerous. I'll show you how to get back."

"I won't go back," Sarah replied. "I've got to find Toby, and I've come too far to give up now. Here"—she took a bracelet from her wrist—"you can have this if you help me."

Hoggle shook his head. But he took the bracelet.





Sarah had only eight hours left in which to rescue her brother, but now she had Hoggle's help.

This displeased Jareth, who had been watching Sarah's progress from his castle. He wrapped himself in his cloak and appeared before them.

"I promise you," he warned Hoggle. "If you help her"—he pointed angrily at Sarah—"I will suspend you headfirst over the Bog of Eternal Stench!"

What made this threat so terrible was that the Bog of Eternal Stench smelled a thousand times worse than anything imaginable. What's more, if you touched any of it, you would smell that way too—forever.

Hoggle was more afraid of the Bog than of anything else in the Labyrinth. Yet, in a secret place in his heart, he liked defying Jareth. He was also beginning to grow fond of Sarah.

"I'm only leading her out of here, your highness!" he lied.

But Jareth had already disappeared.







Sarah and Hoggle were wandering in a maze of hedges when a terrible moan came from behind one of the bushes. Hoggle, who knew the terrors of the Labyrinth, ran off. Sarah went over to the bushes. She found a frightful scene.

A huge beast was hanging upside down from a tree, being tormented by three little goblins.

Sarah didn't have the heart to leave him. She waited until the goblins had run off. Then she untied the ropes that bound him.

"Ludo . . . friend." The beast smiled at Sarah adoringly, and she gently patted his nose.

"Do you know the way to the center of the Labyrinth?" she asked him.

"Ludo . . . lost," Ludo replied sadly.

Sarah sighed. Around her, the rustling of leaves sounded like hissing voices.

S-s-s-six hours, they seemed to say. Only s-s-s-six hours left.





Two doors stood nearby. Sarah chose one that led into a dimly lit forest. Giant, twisted trees had grown there forever, trees that reached higher than Sarah could see.

"Not . . . good," Ludo said, looking nervously around him.



Sarah laughed. "Imagine a great thing like you being frightened! I'm sure it's perfectly safe here. Anyway, if you're afraid, it's a good sign. Things are not always what they seem in this place."

In this case, they were.



Ludo suddenly let out a small squeak. Then there was silence.

"Ludo?" Sarah looked around, but Ludo had vanished. She searched everywhere for him, but it seemed as though the earth had opened up and simply swallowed him whole.

Again, Sarah was alone.





Sarah was drawing nearer to the castle every minute, and Jareth was starting to worry. So he decided to pay Hoggle another visit.

"Here," Jareth told Hoggle, handing him a peach that glowed like a small star. "Give her this, or I will plunge you into the Bog of Eternal Stench. And if she kisses you," he added, feeling particularly clever, "I will plunge you *both* in."

"I won't do anything to hurt the little missy!" Hoggle cried. But Jareth gazed deep into Hoggle's eyes, and Hoggle knew he had no choice.



In the forest, Sarah came upon a band of strange creatures who were able to take off their heads and toss them into the air. Sarah found this most peculiar. Yet they seemed friendly enough and willing to help.

The creatures promised to take Sarah to the castle. But the deeper they traveled into the forest, the more she realized that they didn't even know what a castle was, let alone how to find one.



Try as she might, Sarah could not get away from them.
Finally, she ran. The creatures chased her until she came to a wall that blocked her path. She looked around wildly for a way to escape.
“Up here!” a voice called.
It was Hoggle. He lowered a rope to her, and she climbed to safety.

"Hogle!" Sarah cried in delight. "You came back!"

"No! Don't kiss me!" Hogle screamed. But it was too late—she already had. The wall gave way, and Sarah and Hogle plunged toward the Bog of Eternal Stench. They slipped and slid down the steep incline until they landed on something soft and large. It was Ludo.



"Agh!" Hogle shrank back, noticing Ludo's large teeth.

"Ludo!" Sarah gratefully hugged the furry beast.

"Smell!" moaned Ludo, tears pouring down his cheeks.

Sarah gasped, and then she held her breath.







There was only one bridge across the foul-smelling bog. It was guarded by the gallant knight, Sir Didymus, and his faithful steed, Ambrosius.

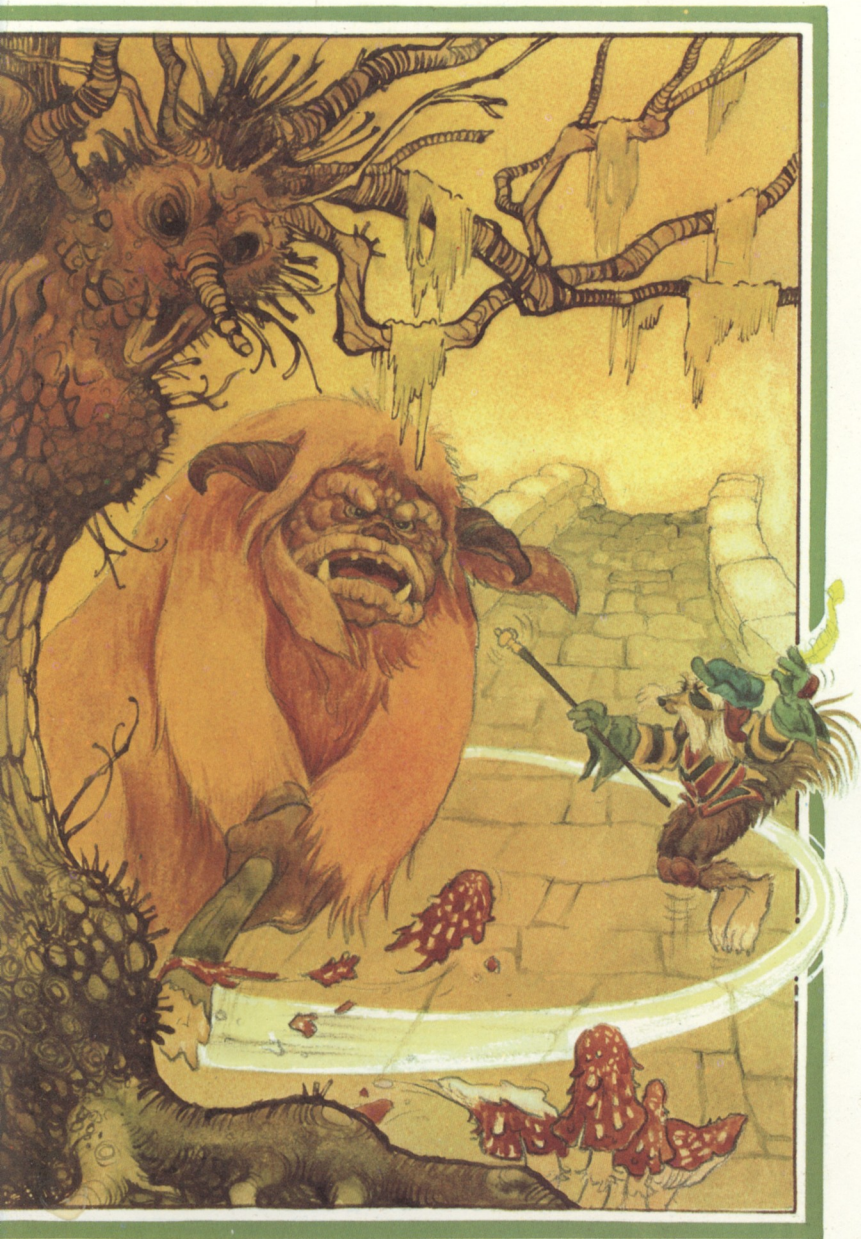
"I am sworn to do my duty," Sir Didymus told them. "Without my permission, no one may cross this bridge."

"Oh please!" Sarah begged. "I've got so little time left. I must find Toby!" She stepped toward the bridge, but Sir Didymus stopped her, brandishing a walking stick.

Ludo jumped up to defend Sarah, and a battle began. Ludo had size and strength on his side, but Sir Didymus was courageous and determined. He also had one great advantage—he didn't seem to notice the smell.

The duel ended in a draw.





When the fighting was over and Ludo and Sir Didymus had shaken hands, Sarah approached the little knight once more.

"What exactly have you sworn?" she asked him.

"I have sworn with my life blood," Sir Didymus replied, bowing deeply, "that no one shall pass this way without my permission."

"Well then," Sarah said politely, holding her nose, "may we have your permission?"

The gallant Sir Didymus turned Sarah's question around and examined it from all angles. He could see no flaw in it.

"Yes," he finally said. He bowed low again, kissing Sarah's hand. "And I, Sir Didymus, will join your courageous band."

Sarah now had three companions to aid her on her journey.





Sarah had just stepped onto the creaking, groaning bridge when it collapsed and sank slowly into the bog.

"Oh, no!" she gasped. "How will I get across?"

"There is no other way, milady," Sir Didymus told her, shaking his head.

At that moment, Ludo sat down on the bank and began to howl.

Sir Didymus turned in amazement. "My brother!" he said. "Are you the manly knight I fought just now? How can you sit by and howl when yon maiden needs our help?"

Ludo kept howling. As the astonished Sir Didymus watched, a boulder rose up out of the bog in answer to Ludo's cry. More boulders joined it, becoming a bridge of stepping stones that led to the opposite bank.

"Rocks . . . friends," Ludo said sweetly.





Sarah, Hoggle, Ludo, and Sir Didymus moved quickly through a deep, dappled forest. There were only three hours left. They were tired and very hungry.

Hoggle found himself holding out Jareth's peach. "Here," he said to Sarah through clenched teeth.

Sarah accepted the fruit gratefully. But when she took her first bite, she realized that it was magic.

"Hoggle," she said. "Oh, Hoggle. What have you done to me?"

Hoggle's eyes filled with tears. He turned and ran back into the forest, hating himself and Jareth in equal measure.

Then Sarah forgot everything—Hoggle, Ludo, Sir Didymus, even Toby. There were bubbles floating above her, glittering bubbles that seemed to beckon her to some enchanted place. She followed them.



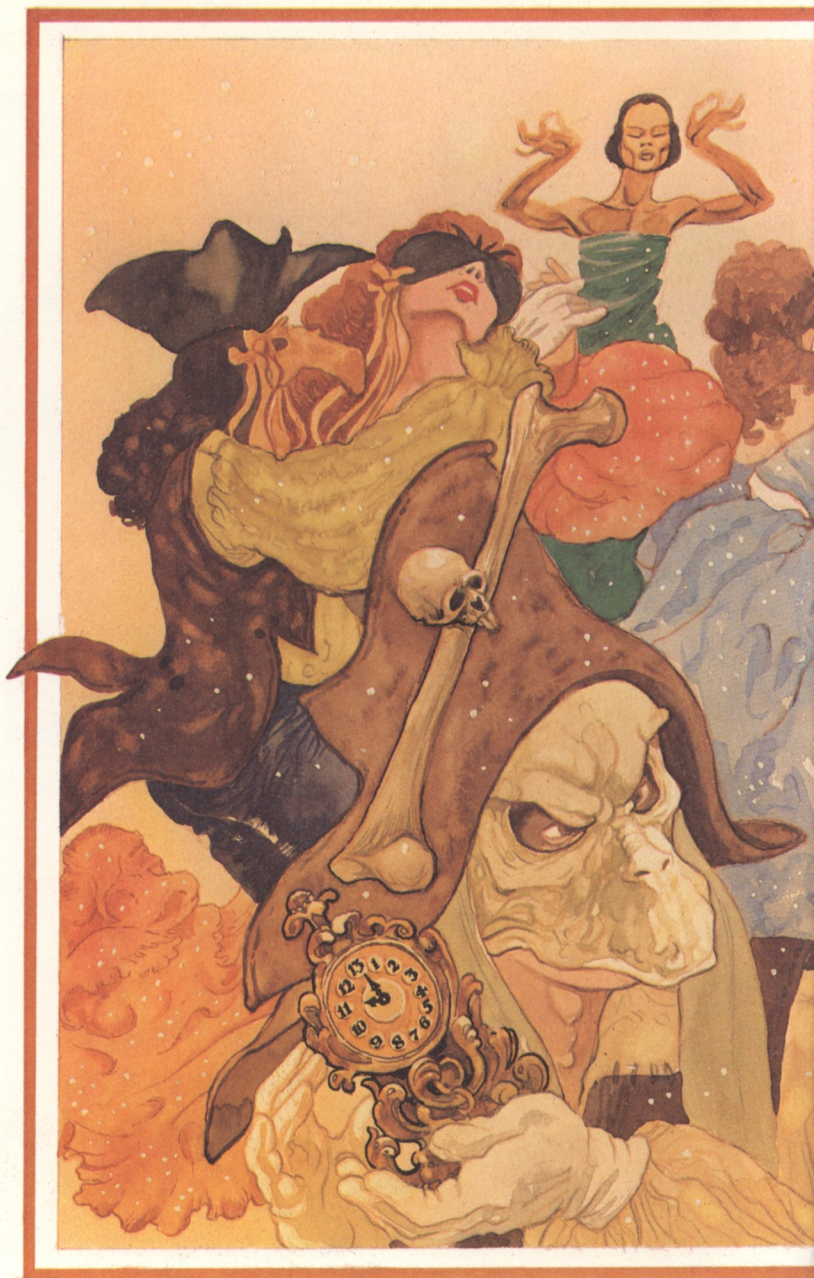


The bubbles took Sarah to a gold and crystal ballroom. Dancers whirled across the floor. In the center of it all, watching her, was Jareth.

He took her in his arms. "Give up this foolish quest," he whispered. The music washed over her as he spun her around in dizzying circles.

She felt herself giving in. Then, somehow, she thought of Toby.

"No!" she gasped. In an instant, the ballroom and everything in it crumbled into dust.







Sarah awoke into another dream. She found herself floating down into a bleak, gray landscape full of mounds of junk. One of the mounds drifted toward her. She heard a voice.

"Hello, dearie," the voice said. It was coming from an old woman, wrinkled and bent. The mound of junk sat on her back.

"I'm searching for something," Sarah said, wondering what it was.

"We all are, dearie," the junk woman replied. "Here's what you're searching for. All your toys . . . your nice, fluffy rabbit, and your panda slippers. And here's your old horsey . . . and Launcelot, your very special bear."

That was when Sarah remembered. "I don't want any of that!" she shouted. "It's all junk. I only want Toby, back home and safe."

Sarah found herself at the gates of Goblin City. Ludo and Sir Didymus stood over her. She hugged them both, but there was little time for explanations.

"I must go quickly," she told them, "or I'll lose Toby."

Hoggle, who had decided to help Sarah no matter what the cost, joined them there. Together, the three friends entered the city. At that moment, Jareth was warned of their approach.

"Stop her!" he ordered. "Call the guard! She mustn't get the baby!"





Sarah and her companions met an army of goblins outside the castle walls. At first, their cause looked hopeless. Sir Didymus parried goblin thrusts with his walking stick, while Ludo used his size and strength to block their approach.



Hoggle smashed bits of crockery over their heads. But there were too many goblins, and Sarah's small band was sadly outnumbered.

The four fought their way to a goblin tower and barricaded themselves inside.

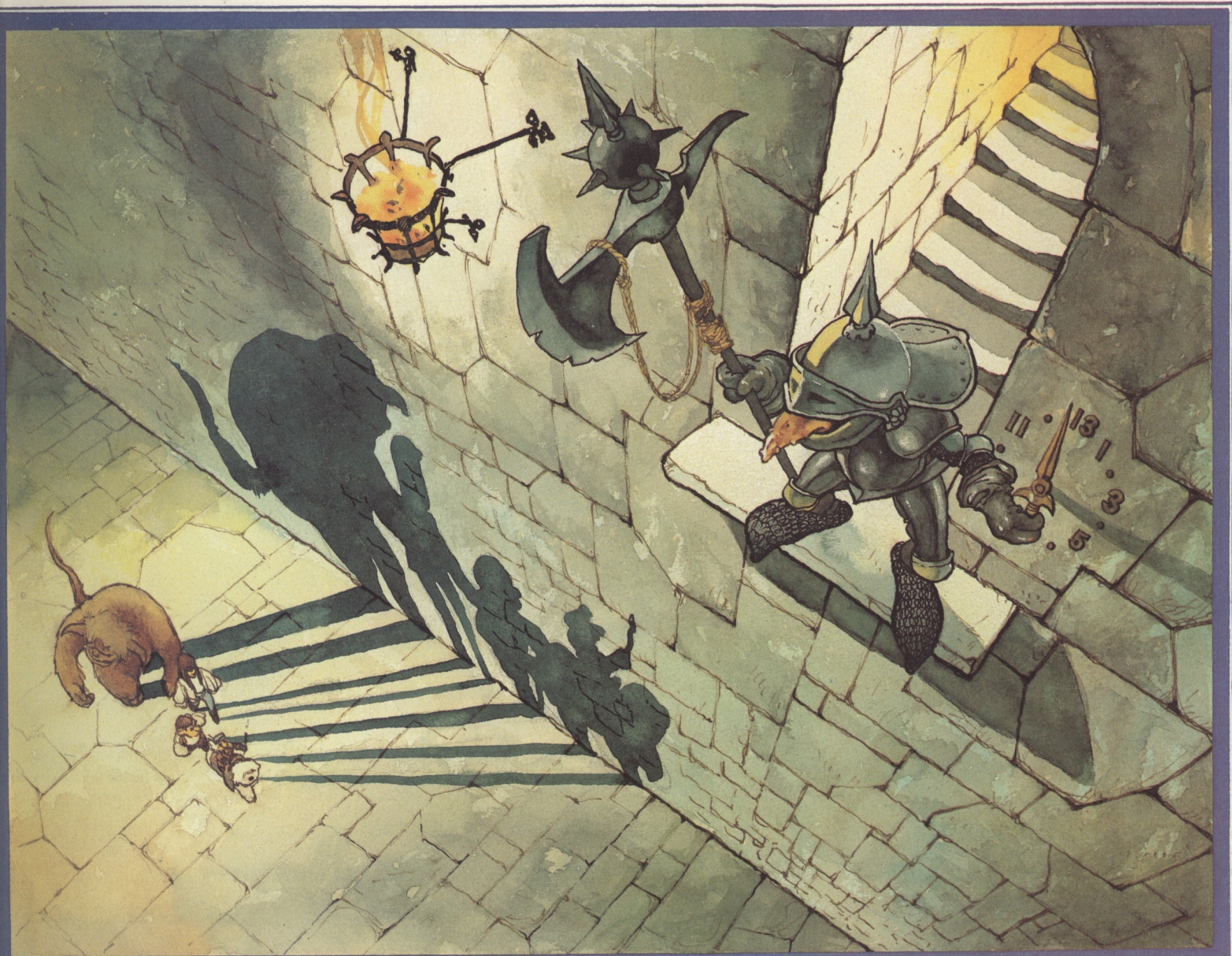


Goblins were swarming over it when Sarah suddenly cried out. "Call the rocks, Ludo!"

Ludo did. Slowly at first and then more quickly, the rocks rolled into the city.



They chased goblins up and down crooked streets and around corners. They trapped goblins against walls and inside doorways. By the time Ludo finished his howling, the goblins had been defeated.



Inside the castle, the friends moved cautiously. Their footsteps echoed along the stone corridors and damp passageways.

They found Jareth's throne room, but it was empty. On the far side of the room, a staircase seemed to drift lazily up the wall to nowhere.

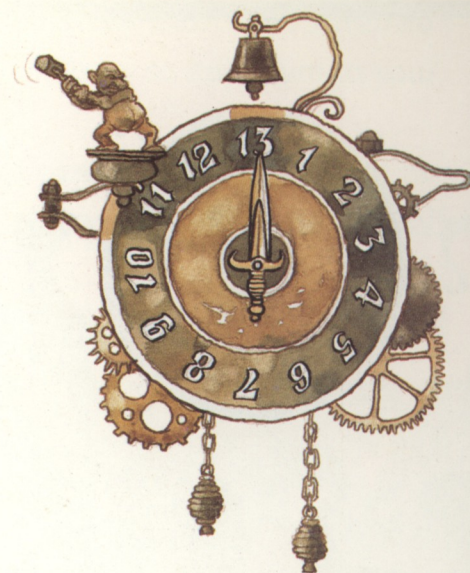
Sarah looked at Hoggle, Ludo, and Sir Didymus. "I must go on alone," she told them. "That's how it's done."

She took each of their hands in turn. First Sir Didymus, who pressed her own hand to his lips. Then Ludo, whose tears fell onto her fingers. Finally Hoggle, who wordlessly lifted her hands to his heart. None of them could speak. They all knew they would never see Sarah again.

Then she climbed the stairway and disappeared from sight.







The clock struck the thirteenth hour just as Sarah found Jareth. He sat on the wall of a room with no up or down, in or out, beginning or ending. The room wound around itself like a coiled serpent.

Toby was there, but Sarah couldn't reach him. The walls and ceiling kept changing places.

"Give up, Sarah," Jareth said, "and I will give you anything you desire. Look!" A spinning crystal ball hung in front of him, and in it were things that Sarah had only dreamed of.

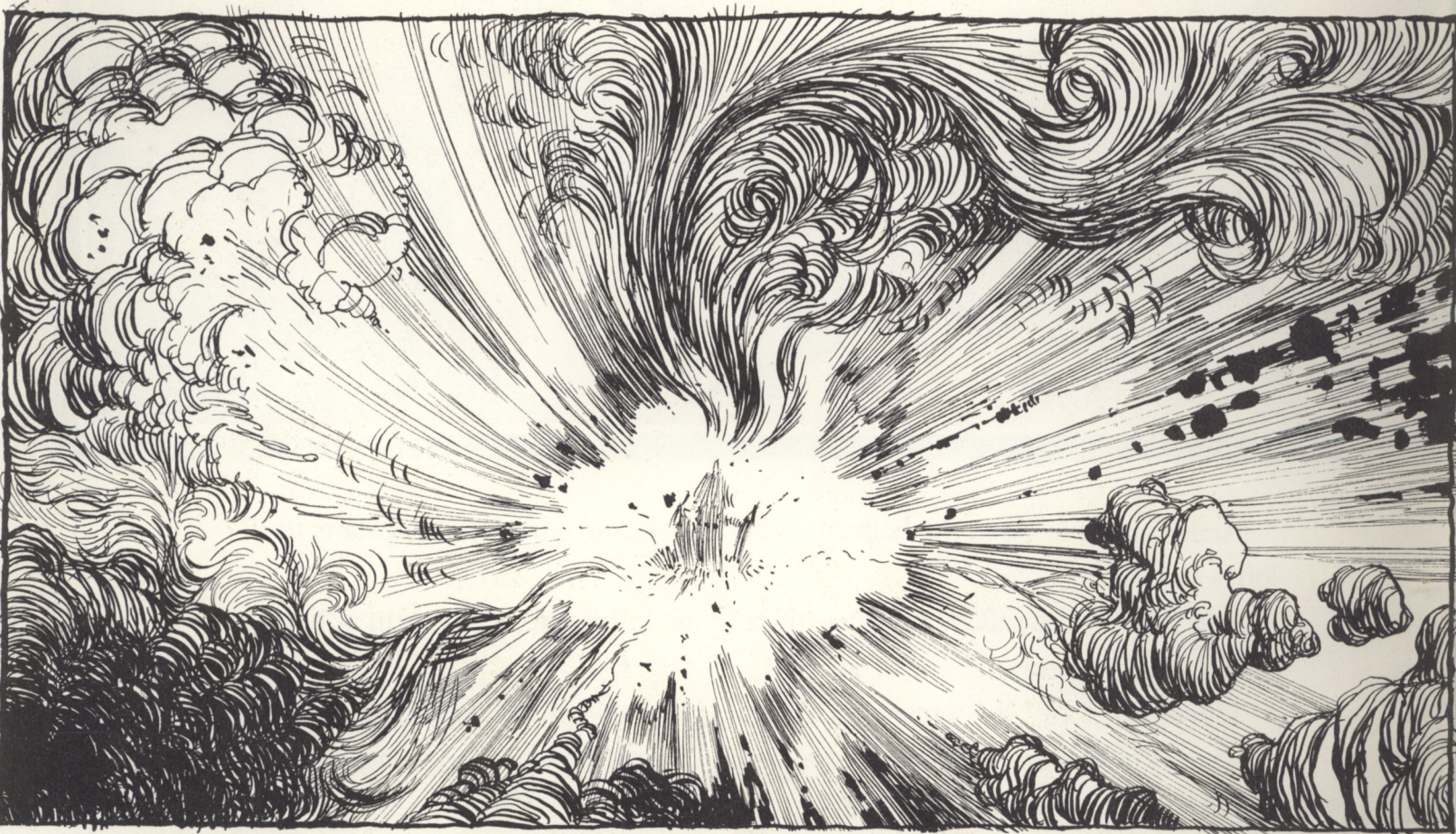
Sarah's eyes remained fixed on Toby.



Toby sat at the top of a staircase that led into nothingness. Sarah screamed. "Give up, Sarah!" Jareth thundered. "Why is the baby so important to you? Why must you have him?"

"Because I love him!" Sarah's eyes blazed. Her gaze split Jareth's heart in two, for Jareth had no strength at all against the power of love. He shrank into himself and uttered a terrible cry.

Then the castle and everything in it vanished.





Sarah found herself in the hallway of her own home. She rushed upstairs to Toby's nursery.

"Toby! Toby!" she called. Toby was there, lying in his crib, smiling up at her. She picked him up gently.

"I love you, Toby," she whispered to him, "and I always will. I promise."

Sarah kept this promise. She keeps it still, though Toby has long since grown, and Sarah has children of her own.





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